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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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BUSTER BILL, THE PARK ROW CUT-UP.

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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

CORPORATION WILLIE is certainly getting the worst of the argument.

"IS ECONOMICS A SCIENCE?" inquires the *Literary Digest*. After listening to some of the people who talk it we should reply No.

SEEMS FUNNY to see Tim Woodruff as the champion of civic righteousness and the opponent of political jobbery. Has he forgotten that Guden matter in Kings County, we wonder.

IT IS very instructive, the *Sun's* muck-raking among the city magistrates. Incidentally, it does not hitch very well with the *Sun's* semi-occasional editorial on the excellence of things in general, plus a stern rebuke to the reckless young men who muckrake. It makes a difference whose muck is raked.

THE REASON why Miss Osgood, a tournament golf player, fell down, was, the experts say, that she was "overgolfed." Can it be that Willie is "overpoliticked"?

SABBATH JOURNALISM informs us that weiss beer is little drunk nowadays. There never was any reason for drinking it.

"A MERE VICTORY will not do."—*Charles E. Hughes.*

On the contrary, sir, a mere victory will do nicely. Don't delude yourself with the notion that you will have a walk-over.

"IF WE limit opportunity we will have put the brakes on our national development," says John D. Rockefeller. Yet no man has done more than Rockefeller to limit opportunity. The indecency and hypocrisy of this man is astounding.

WILLIE AND THE DONKEY.

WILLIE daubed the Donkey yellow,
Till he looked like Sol Carvalho.
Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's over six.

ISN'T IT about time for the Department of Labor to compile statistics of dead chauffeurs? Wonder whether the insurance companies accept chauffeurs as risks.

SAN FRANCISCO, as our center cartoon shows, is having rather a hard time of it. The artist omitted one figure from the group surrounding the Torquemada of Greed — a figure representing the fire insurance companies.

I MIGHT also venture to criticise Professor Goldwin Smith's use of the word "property" in his phrase "if property objects to forcible transfer." It is not property that objects or capital that objects or does anything. It is the property owner that does the objecting. The phrase capital versus labor continually gives rise to the popular misconception that labor is against capital, or rather that the socialist is against capital. Not at all. The socialist is against the private ownership of capital, but certainly not against capital itself.—*Gaylord Wilshire.*

Words, words, words. Wind, wind, wind. Guff, flubdub, flapdoodle.

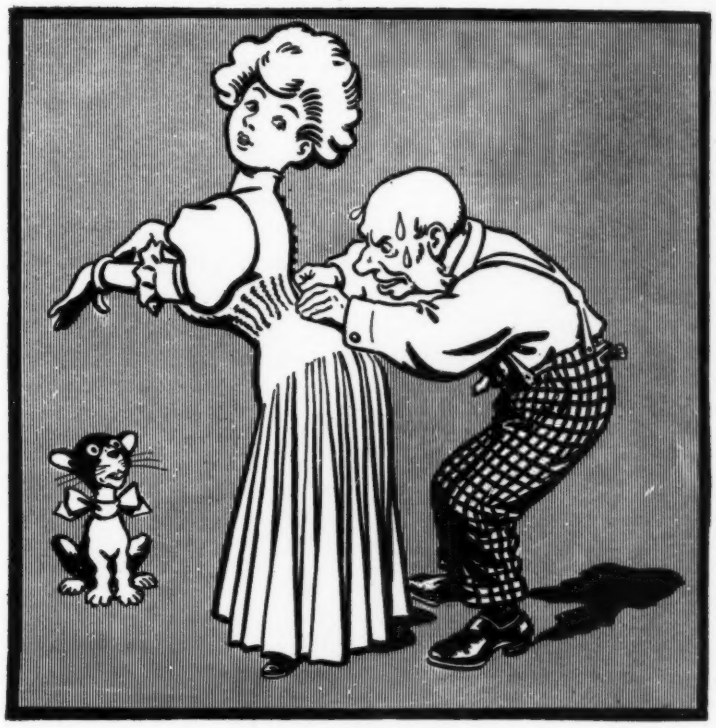
THE TROUBLE with mixing politics with street cleaning in this town is that once mixed you can't tell them apart.

A FEMALE bridge whist fiend in Pennsylvania has been fined for running a game of chance at her house. Glad to hear it.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH slaughter-houses, according to Sir Thomas Lipton, do not compare in cleanliness with those of Chicago. Persons traveling in England and France will do well to cut out a meat diet.

"WILLIE AND HIS PAPA."

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO HUSBANDS.



1906.

Though eyes pull out and whalebones crack,
Still must he hook her up the back.

19—?

But fashions change; the day will come
When sweet revenge will soothe him some.

ANECDOTE OF PERICLES.

DEMOCRACY was a new thing to the Athenians, and they became so dreadfully swelled over it that Pericles was at his wit's end what to do with them.

"If it were not for the plain people, politics would be easy," he was often heard to complain.

Finally, in his desperation, he consulted the Delphic oracle.

"Give the plain people plenty of rope," was the veiled answer of the pythoness, "and leave the rest to the gods."

Pericles was sorely puzzled. But on his way back to Athens, he purchased a cigar of the boy on the train, and it was a Connecticut cigar.

"I wonder if this can be the rope the oracle meant?" he suddenly exclaimed, after he had smoked awhile.

It could be, and was. To make a long story short, a great political secret had come to light, and from that time forth Pericles had pretty much his own way in everything.

THE PURE FOOD FAMILY.

PAPA *(at breakfast)*.—Now, children, before you eat, be careful to see that there are 19.678 per cent. hydro-phosphates in your Ossified Oats.

CHARITY TO DATE.

CHARITY is that which adds to the helplessness of those who most needs help—also that which often puffeth itself up.

Charity is of two kinds: Domestic and foreign. Domestic charity aims to help the rich by adding still one more thing to their enjoyment. Foreign charity takes away from those at home what they need to give it to some one else who don't care how little they need it.

Faith, Hope and Charity, these three. But the greatest bluff is charity.

SOLVED.

CLARENCE.—My mamma says that rain is the tears of angels.

JIMMY.—Huh! My uncle told me that when it 's raining some sinner is squeezing the water out of his stock so he can pass Saint Peter.

A woman's no means yes—that is to say, before she is married.

"I HOPE GEORGE DOESN'T LOSE HIS NERVE."

PITY THE POOR BROOKLYNITE!

A Bridge Like This Would Change to Joy His Daily Woe.

MARIA.

THE up-state farmer sat on an inverted keg—open end down and the edges cutting the soil every time he crossed his legs and recrossed them, as he uneasily shifted position. The inverted keg was at some little distance from the house, but one might readily observe certain phenomena which were happening from time to time, the house being the theater of action and the inverted keg a vantage point of observation.

A dog leaped through the window with a yelp.

A cat dashed out of the open door in a fine frenzy.

A bucket of steaming hot soap suds followed.

A pair of men's boots sailed through the air, being propelled from within.

"Sure 's my name is Loren Green, them wuz my boots," said the farmer, with a tired smile.

The man from the city delicately forbore to make comment. Tightening the belt around his hunting trousers he asked: "Mr. Green, what are your politics—how shall you vote this fall?"

"I shell vote," began Farmer Green, "fer Home Rule, Free Freight Cars, an'—"

At this point a sound of smashing glass was distinctly audible.

A lantern lay prostrate twenty feet from Farmer Green's kitchen door. The globe was somewhat broken.

"I must of left th' lantern on th' table—Maria don't like Standard ile," said Mr. Green, in a hushed tone.

"Now in regard to the Trusts," said the city man, in brazen fashion, "what *is* your opin—"

A stove cover fell with a dull thud not far from where the men were talking. Very likely it had been aimed at the dog, who had gone to sleep beside the wood pile, a hundred feet in the opposite direction.

There was an awkward silence. Mr. Green very carefully readjusted his suspenders. The city man looked anxiously toward the house. He noted that the air was filled with overalls and boots, which came in a fitful volley from a second story window.

"Them ain't my best clo's," remarked Mr. Green; "them 's only old duds—I guess Maria 's goin' to clean house this mornin'."

"Oh," said the city man.

"I reckon," said Mr. Green, with an attempt to be cheerful, "thet it don't make so much difference what a man votes this fall as it does which ticket dassent go back on—"

There was a terrible crash in the yard. A large chest had fallen upon the doorstep.

Mr. Green gazed wistfully at the ruins. "Thet wuz my carpenter's chest," he remarked; "I guess Maria don't want it in th' house no more."

"We were speaking of the issues," began the man from the city. "Now, which of the two great political parties—"

The front door of Farmer Green's residence opened, and a bureau fell upon the flagging with a sound as though an Elevated train had dropped into the street.

The two men gazed steadfastly into each others faces. Farmer Green spoke first.

"I s'pose you noticed thet bureau come out?"

"Yes."

"Well," rejoined Mr. Green, "Maria don't like bureaus."

"Is your wife interested in politics?" inquired the city man.

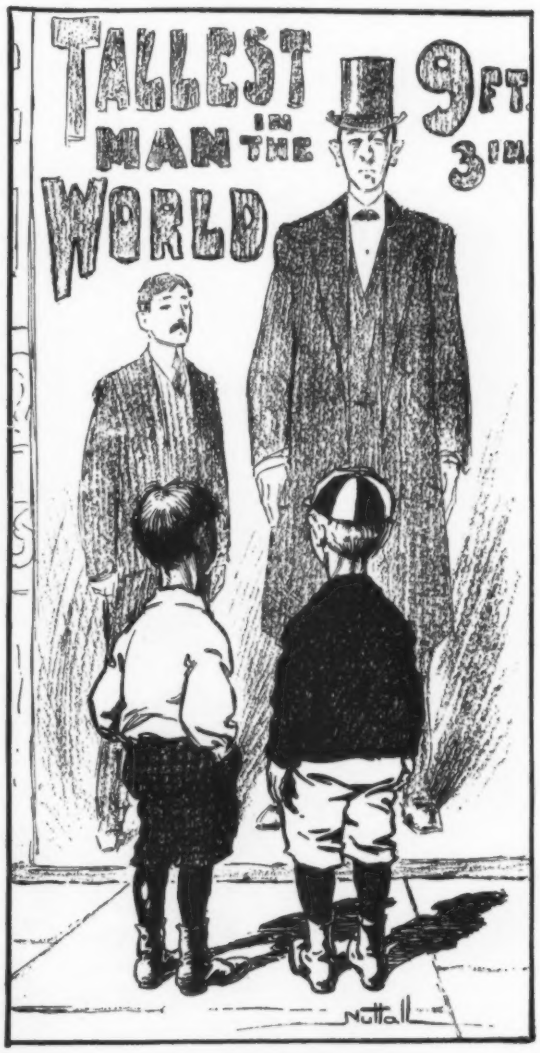
Farmer Green brightened. "Oh, yes," he answered; "she 's a great party woman, Maria is."

"What side does she favor?"

"She 's a Socialist."

Fred Ladd.

REMAINS TO BE SEEN.



HIS ITINERARY.

Tommy.—What 'd yer do if yer wuz as big as him, Billy?

Billy.—Well, first I 'd lick the face off Jimmy Binks an' den I 'd go an' tell his father I done it.

THE STORY NURSEY TOLD.

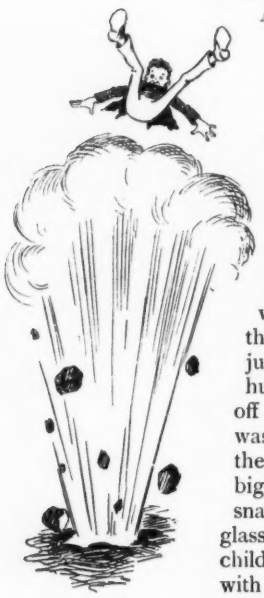
"NO, DEARIE; mamma has not time to tell her little pet a story to-night. Mamma must go to a meeting of the advisory board of her Mother's Club; and then she must go to a meeting of good people who are doing a beautiful work for the poor little children of the tenements whose mammas do not love them nor care for them as your mamma loves and cares for you. Nursey will tell you a story to-night—a nice new story, I daresay, and different from the story mamma told you the other night about little Samuel."

And this was the "nice, new story that 'Nursey' told, the story that was 'quite different' from the one about 'little Samuel'":

"Once upon a time there was a great giant ten feet tall who ate little children. First he would creep into their bedrooms when they were asleep and cut their throats and suck their blood and then carry them off to roast them over his fire. Sometimes he carried them off without killing them, and then he would roast them alive over the hot coals, and the way they would scream for their mammas was just orful. Then sometimes when he wasn't very hungry he would carry a child off alive and just cut off a leg or a arm or slice off a piece of the child where it was fattest, and it was just orful the way it would hurt and the way the children would scream. Yes, honey, and this big old giant could turn himself into a snake—an orful snake forty feet long, and he would break out panes of glass with his head and crawl in through winders and swaller children alive, and somehow he always preferred little boys with curls, like you. Oh, it was orful, and—what? Yes, indeed and indeed, there are just such giants now and if you ain't a real good boy or if you go and peach on your Nursey, no matter what she does, he will come and get you—yes, indeed! And—sh-sh-sh! What's that! My stars! I wouldn't be a bit s'prised if that was one now! You lay down still as a mouse and cover up your head now or he will git you sure!"

And the next morning Nursey's mistress says to her husband:

"Henry, dear, I think that our little boy has been eating too much candy of late. He cried out a dozen times in his sleep last night, and his nurse says she had a hard time getting him to go to sleep at all, he seemed so nervous. Perhaps you'd better telephone to the doctor to come around. The poor little dear looks so pale this morning. No, dear; mamma cannot be with you this morning. She must go to a meeting of the executive committee of the Friendless Children's Refuge. Now run off with Nursey and perhaps she will tell you some more stories. That's a dear!" *J. L. Harbour.*



HIS FINISH.

The finished type of the dynamiter is the man who has had the ability to rise.—*Samuel Hopkins Adams.*

IN THE "LEDGER" LINES.

MISS YAWPSTEIN (*the vocal teacher*).—I'm all oud of patience with Jakey. He persists in singing Old Hundred in too high a key.

JAKEY'S FATHER.—S-h-h-h! Let him geep it above par.

WAS THE LADY A PRETTY LADY? GUESS.

October Observations.

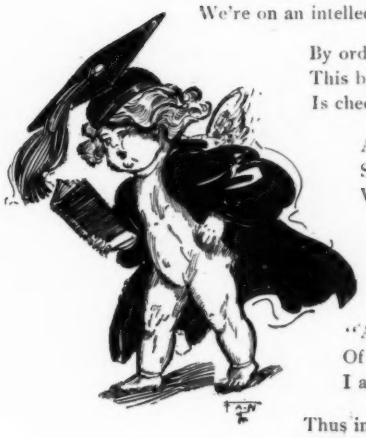
BENEATH THE INTELLECTUAL BOUGH.

[Coeducation has been abolished at the University of Chicago. "The two sexes," says the Dean, "will hereafter meet on a strictly intellectual basis."]

WHENAS in gown Flirtilla goes,
No more, me thinks, my fancy flows
Upon her curves, much less her clothes.

No more I cast my eyes to see
Her "brave vibration each way free,"—
No more of that, me thinks, for me.

Abolished are co-ed embraces;
Abolished lovers' commonplaces;—
We're on an intellectual basis.



By ordinance effectual
This basis intellectual
Is cheerlessly asexual.

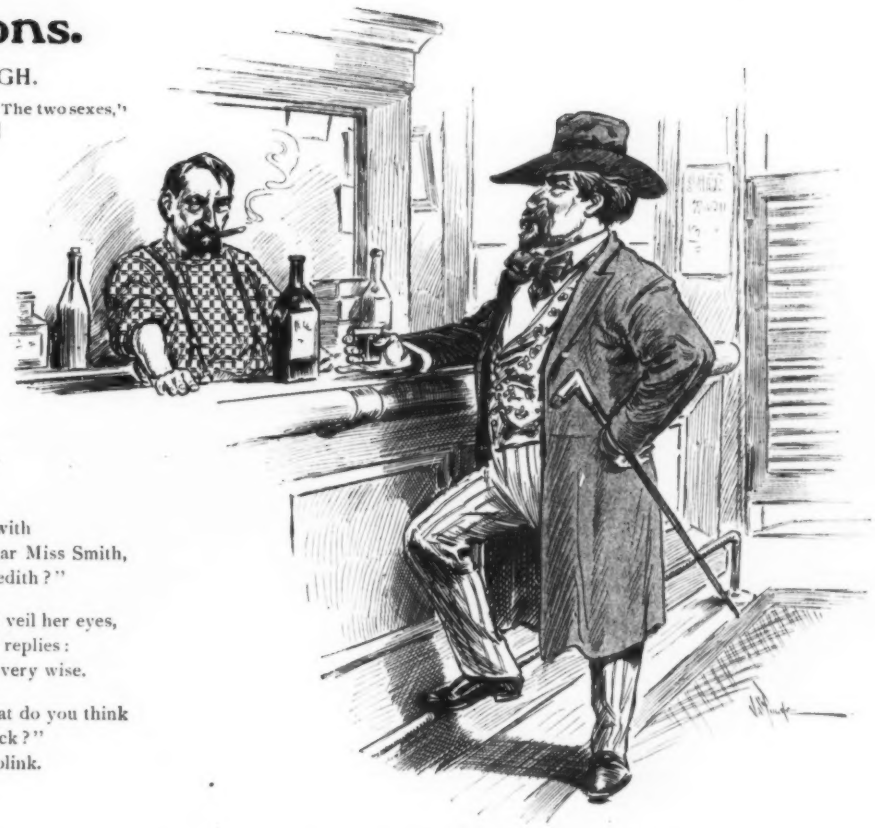
And now I greet Flirtilla with
Such questions as, "My dear Miss Smith,
What do you think of Meredith?"

She does not blush and veil her eyes,
As once. Sedately she replies:
"He's very deep; he's very wise.

"And you," says she: "what do you think
Of Sudermann and Maeterlinck?"
I answer that they make me blink.

Thus intellectually in tune,
Upon the campus we commune,
Where formerly we used to spoon.

O chastely intellectual Thou,
Beneath the Tree of Knowledge Bough
There's wilderness in plenty now.



WHERE BLOOMS THE JULEP.

COLONEL PEPPER.—Have you seen Majah Killduffer recently, sah?
THE BARTENDER.—No, Colonel; he hain't been in for half an hour!

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

ASYLUM WARDEN.—You've seen now, sir, about all we usually show to visitors.

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT ARTIST.—Oh, come, old man! Show me through the violent ward. I want to pick up a few new comic characters.

We fancy that no one was more disappointed with the first number of *Ridgway's Weekly* than the men who put it forth. Aside from mechanical obstacles, plain enough in the result, the responsibility of the venture seemed to have exerted a psychological effect on the really brilliant staff, who wrote as dull an issue as we have ever seen outside of England. A periodical like *Ridgway's* must be smartly written, and we think it will be.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn characterizes Hearst's candidacy as "the most disgraceful and disgusting thing he has ever known." But is it any more disgraceful and disgusting than Republican politics in New York state? Dr. Cuyler simply doesn't like the noise and smell of the Hearst candidacy between the wind and his nobility.

Young Fairbanks eloped with the lady of his choice. Evidently he is not so cold a proposition as the old man.

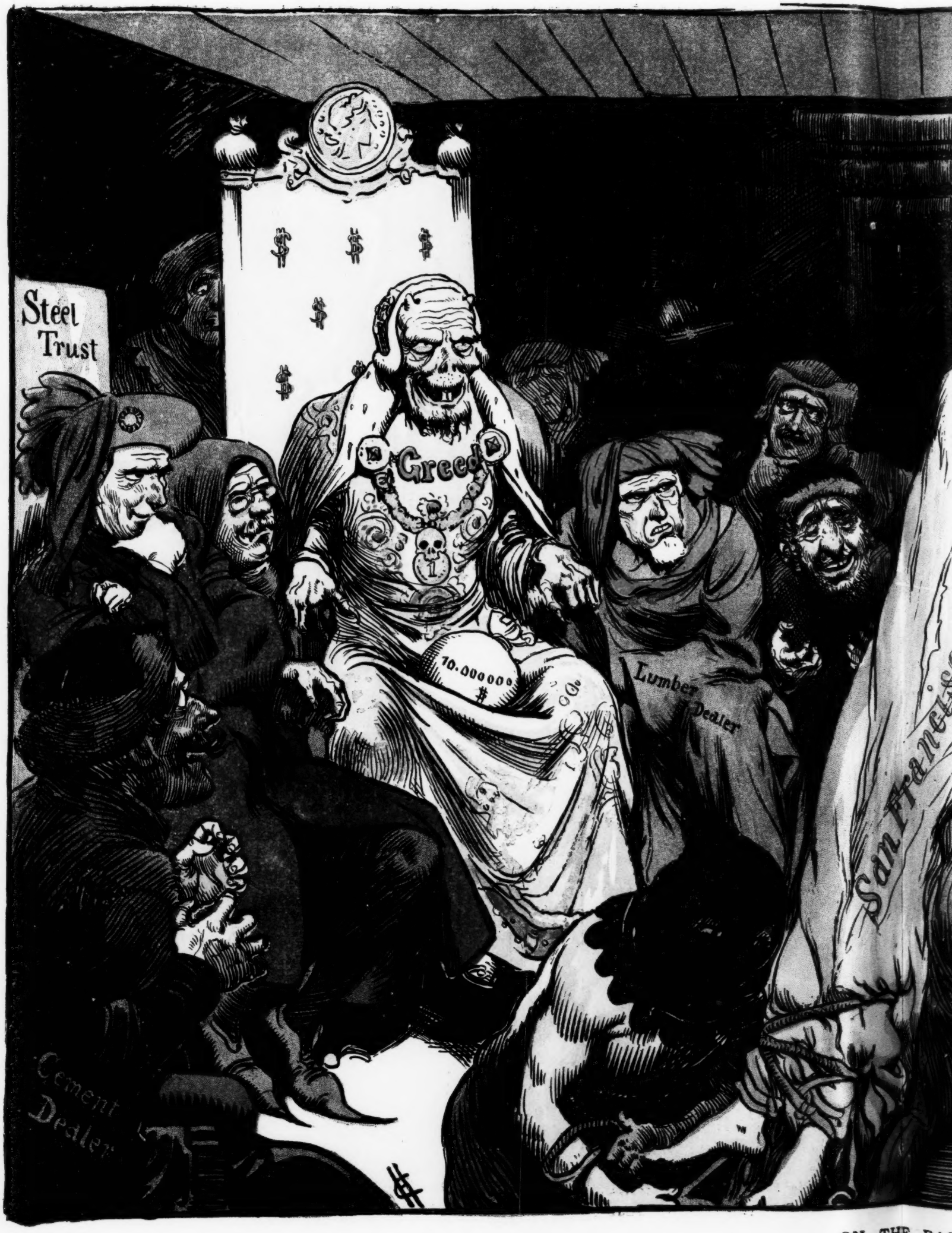
"Why is Beveridge?" asks the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Because the commonplace is popular and commercial success is a religion.

Kissing does not seem to be as popular as it formerly was.
—*Atchison Globe.*

You're getting old, Ed Howe.

B. L. T.

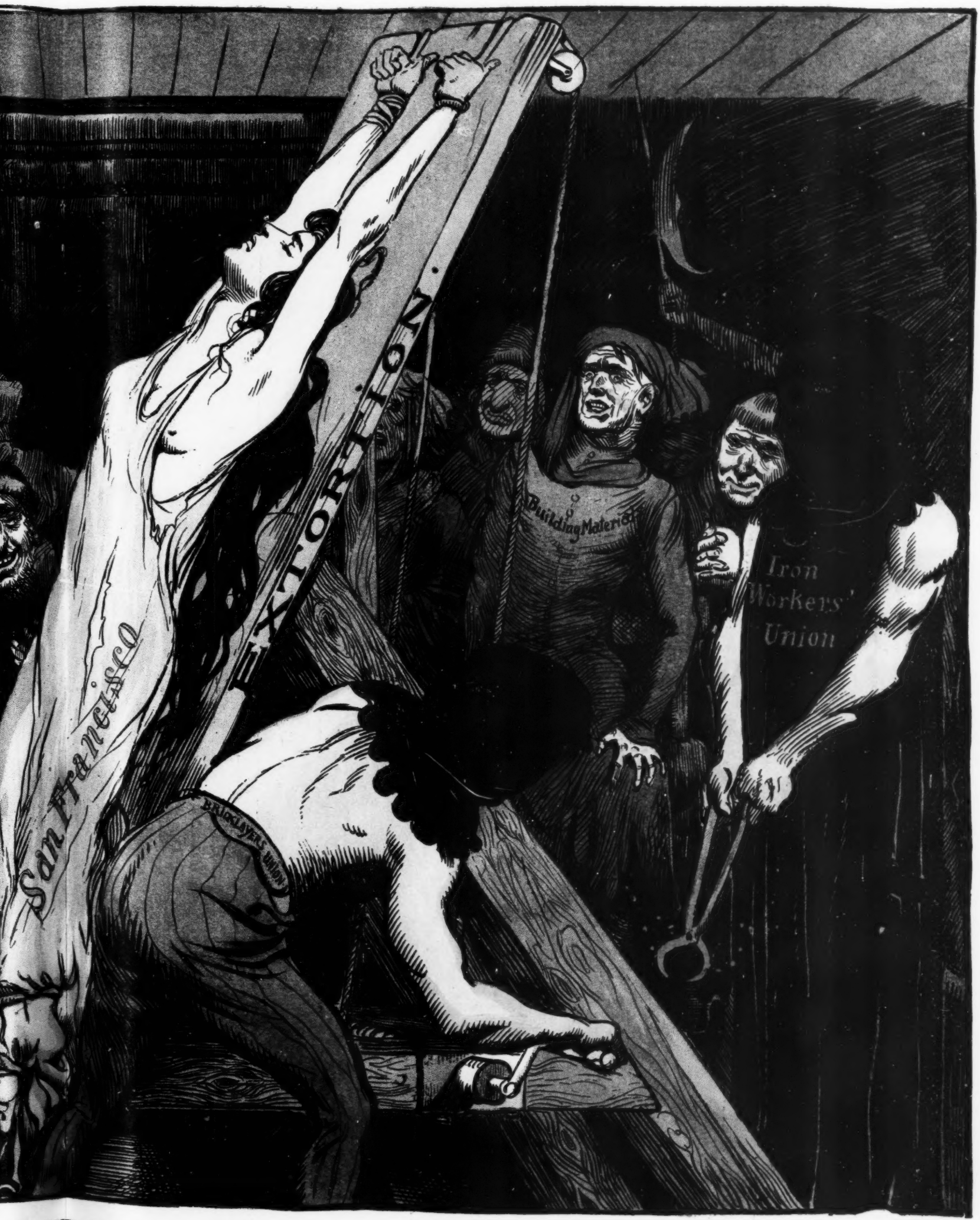
A particularly fatal non sequitur is that of young people who think, because they can't live apart, that they can live together.



THE PUCK PRESS

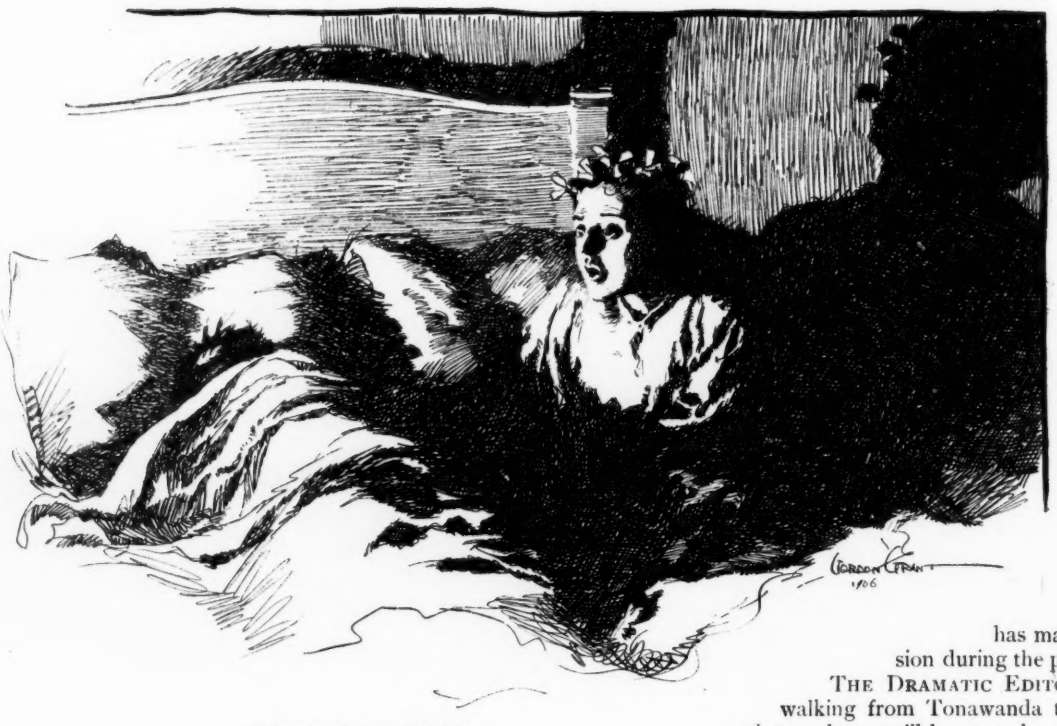
ON THE RAC

"GENEROSITY" IS EASY WHEN YOU CAN GET YOUR



ON THE RACK.

EN YOU CAN GET YOUR MONEY BACK WITH INTEREST.



DETAILS WANTED.

THE WIFE.—John, I had the worst dream just now! I thought you had died!

THE CALLOUS BRUTE.—That so? What were your last words, my dear?

DEMOCRACY.

"WHAT is a select company, in the American sense? Anything short of all the world and his wife?"

"Oh, no. Anything short of all the world and somebody else's wife."

TENDER-HEARTED.

THE BEARDED LADY *(horrified)*.—Engaged to the Ossified Man! My dear child, why in the world did you take such a step?

THE CIRCASSIAN GIRL.—He said it would break him all up if I refused him and you know I couldn't bear to see the poor fellow go to pieces!

TOO RAPID.

THE PRESS AGENT.—Take it from me, old man, our star has made some rapid strides in his profession during the past year.

THE DRAMATIC EDITOR.—Oh, I heard that story of his walking from Tonawanda to Batavia in ten hours and fifteen minutes, but you'll have to show me affidavits!

BUT when it comes to making virtue of necessity and merit of luck, there has been no great progress in the processes of manufacture since the beginning.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"WHAT IS going on here to-night?" inquired the recently-arrived washing-machine agent. "Man after man has been hurrying by, ever since sunset, all going in the same direction and all wearing the same look of eager expectancy on their faces. Is there a celebration of some kind on the tapis?"

"Well, no; not exactly—more of a boon, I'd call it," replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "You see, Adrian Popjoy—of course, he has always been considered kind of a wag, on account of his scampish pranks and outlandish cuttin's-up; but I guess he's hit it this time with something that is going to be of real benefit—he's announced, Adrian has, for to-night the opening meeting of a society that he's invented for 'Saving a Man from his Friends,' and states that charter members will be admitted free gratis on this occasion. And so the man who don't want to lend ten dollars for Auld Lang Syne's sake or learn how big the fish was that got away or be back-slapped on his rheumatism or to earnestly solicit anybody to run for anything or indorse notes or buy tickets to amateur performances or sign petitions or listen to the elocutionary efforts of bright children or elope with anybody's wife or do any of the thousand and one other things that those who hate to say 'No!' are continually being called on to do and endure, are hurrying thitherward to get in on the ground floor of what they 'pear to believe is what they long have sought and mourned b'cuz they found it not."

Tom P. Morgan.

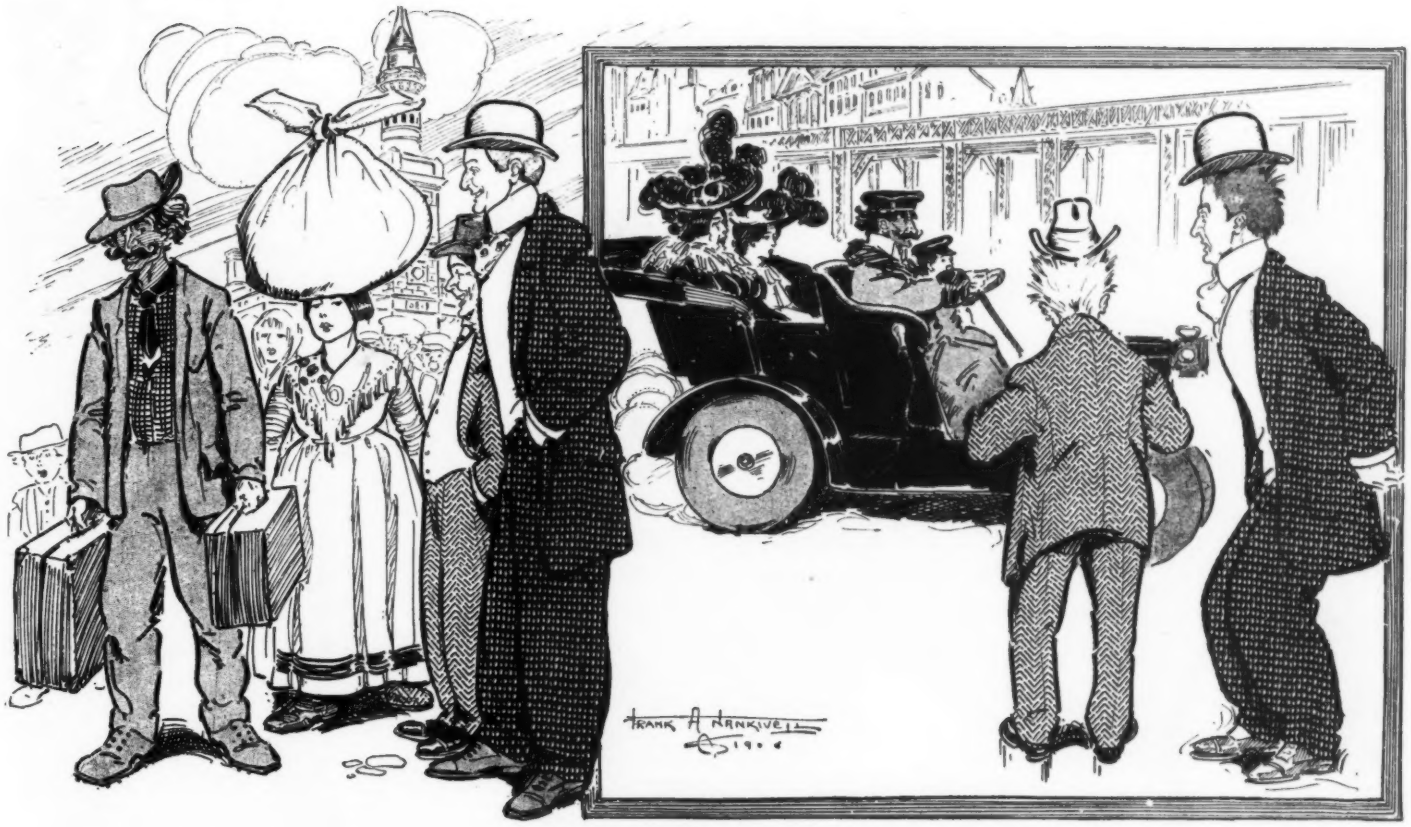
SKATING WITH MABEL.

AN OCTOBER PERFORMANCE.

ROMEO *(in the balcony scene)*.—Lady, by yon blessed moon I swear—

BE REGULAR.

Take Hearst, the Great Political Aperient.



IT IS HAPPENING EVERY DAY.

I.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN *(near the Barge Office)*.—More Italians coming here! Gee whizz, how do they expect to make a living, anyway?

HIS COMPANION.—Well, in the first place, you know they don't live as *we* do, old man.

II.

IN JUST ABOUT A YEAR OR TWO.

RURAL RONDEAU.

JEST about th' best, b'gee,
Of the things I ever see,
Wuz th' dinners I recall
Down upon the farm in fall.
Shucks! They tasted good to me.

There was Si 'nd Hen-ner-ee,
'Nd my pa, he sez, sez he:
"Ain't them dinners best of all?
Jest about!"

Rural poet, twenty-three!
Can your stock of poetree;
Drop your dialectic drawl;
Cease to hand us out the stall
Of that "dear old" stuff that we
Jest about.

Franklin P. Adams.

OUR SENSE OF MODESTY.

IT IS observable on every afternoon, evening and Sunday that in Central Park, which in one sense is the heart of the nation, lovers are getting more and more so they don't care who sees them. In other words, publicity has not exclusive privileges among the very rich, but is extending itself into love making.

No doubt one reason for this is the increasing difficulty of making love in secret. To find a place where there is no one around is almost impossible. Modesty has therefore prepared to curl up and collapse.

We are informed by philosophers, those persons who think they know what they are talking about, that all things are relative. That is to say, concealed love making was modest when it was easy. Now that it is no longer easy, love making in public is no longer immodest.

There should, however, be regular places where love making can be systematically carried on. For without love making there can be no divorce, and without divorce, the life of the nation is threatened.

Proposal Parks are now in order. Nothing but definite proposals should be considered within certain areas. Leading up to these centres of interest may be acquaintanceship boulevards, flirting speedways, kissing corners, hand holding alleys and squeezing pavilions.

The real business of life should never be permitted to mix with the other things. At present we have to take our chances in Pullman cars, and while the conductor is punching the ticket, tell the girl that she is our onliest own. We have to hold her hand under the family table; or if the auto breaks down we have to kiss her between calls from other gasoline experts who want to know if they can help us out.

When lovers, made public by modern necessities, have been sorted out and ranged into classes, modesty may once more be entitled to national privileges.

Tom Masson.

QUOTATIONS.

ROBINSON.—How's the market?

CRUSOE.—Dull. Straight ticket voters, $18 bid and $20 asked; no call for ticket-splitters at $8, or repeaters at $5.

A TRAINED NURSE.

Sentiment, however mere, is a hard thing to get over, with no better scaling-ladder than reason.

Best of Them All

Sold by leading dealers everywhere

A DIAMOND mine has been opened in California. Thus, in addition to other parts abroad, what's South Africa to us? —*Indianapolis News.*

CHEER UP!!!

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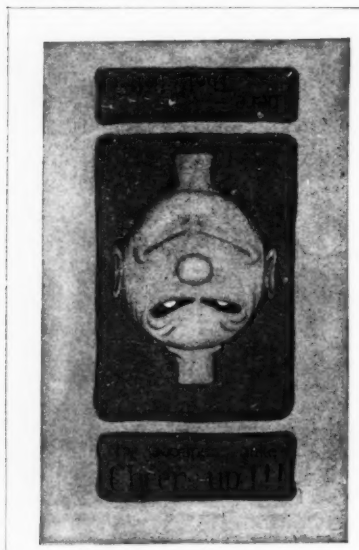

CHEER UP!!! Photo Gelatine Print, 9 x 12 in.
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This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for new Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

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Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

WELL MANAGED.

BELL.—Is she a good manager?

BEULAH. — Yes; Haven't you ever noticed how quiet her husband is?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TO BE EXACT.

"This meat," protested the boarder, "is overdone."

"Not exactly, it ain't," replied the waitress; "it's done over."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap makes white hands, gives clear skin and imparts freshness to the complexion.

A cake of Pears' is a cake of comfort.

Comfort by the cake or in boxes.

SAFE THING TO GIVE.

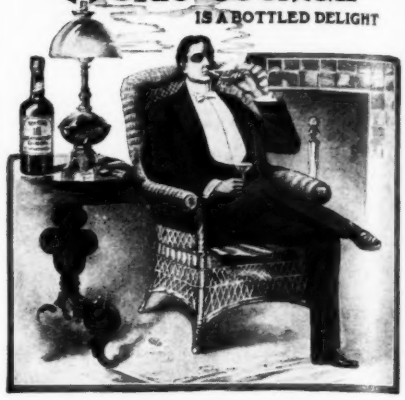
BACON.—The worst thing a man can give a friend is money, and the best thing he can give him is advice.

EGBERT.—I don't see how you can make that out.

"Because if he gives advice his friends don't come back for more of the same.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



MOST Americans are connoisseurs in cocktails—and a connoisseur's taste demands uniformity in the flavor, strength and mixing of his favorite drink. There 's only one kind of uniformly good cocktail—CLUB COCKTAILS. Bar cocktails are slap-dash guess-work—good by accident—bad by rule—but never smooth or uniform to a cultivated taste. CLUB COCKTAILS are scientifically blended from choicest liquors, aged and mellowed to delicious flavor and aroma. Insist on CLUB.

Seven varieties—each one perfect.
Of all good grocers and dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York London

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

MR. COONJAG (*guiltily*).—See hyah, Marse Snake, doan' yo' look at me datter way! Dar ain' nuffin in dat ol' flask but coffee!

MORE ADVICE.

Don't be glum and gloomy,
If you can't have what you like.
Some day coming, maybe,
You will make a strike.
Luck will come and find you
Some delightful day.
Anyhow, just think so—
It 's much the better way.

Meanwhile just be cheery,
Meet life with a smile.
The boy is always happy
Who is whistling all the while.
When you meet misfortune,
Don't let it knock you flat.
Just be glad you 're living,
And let it go at that!

—*Somerville Journal.*

THE English have explained their two railroad disasters by saying the engineers suffered from a "mental aberration." More likely the juries were the sufferers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE discovery that the application of X-rays will cause gray hair to resume its natural color is not likely to interest Mr. Rockefeller, who is not troubled with gray hair.—*Washington Post.*

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

"WOULDS'T KNOW THE LAND?"

The Land of Opportunity. The West, the young man's promised source of Fortune, the Land of Plenty. Then read the OVERLAND MONTHLY, the representative magazine of the West. You can buy it on all trains and at all news stands, or if in case you cannot, write us about it.

Shine on!

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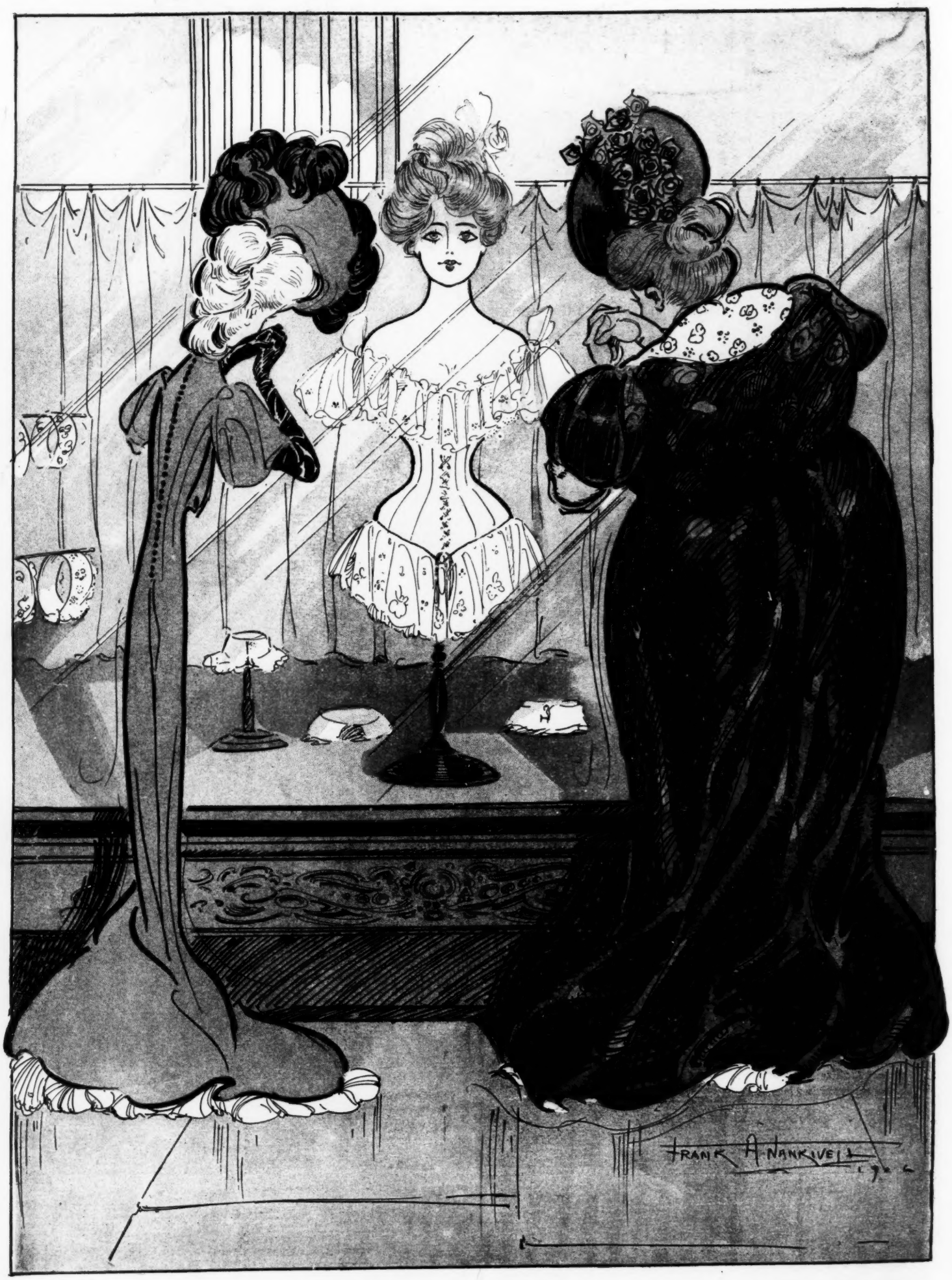

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